How I met my Daddy: A Car Wash Fantasy

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How I met my Daddy: A Car Wash Fantasy

by purplesocrates

Summary

Will just isn't making ends meet. All his money is going on his college tuition and he has nothing left for anything else. His rent is due at the end of the week and he has been living off noodles for the last month. This is how the small Omega ends up washing cars at the local Carwash for the summer. At least it's summer, he thinks, this would really not be fun in the winter. Not that it's particularly fun right now. It's hard work and it's hot. He is also noticing he gets catcalled a lot by the Alpha's and some Betas, which at first was off putting but now he finds the ones that catcall also tip. Maybe he can put up with a bit of humiliation for some extra bucks.

Notes

This is a new series we have the first part written will be updating weekly. Please mind the tags.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter One

Will just isn't making ends meet. All his money is going on his college tuition and he has nothing left for anything else. His rent is due at the end of the week and he has been living off noodles for the last month. This is how the small Omega ends up washing cars at the local Carwash for the summer. *At least it's summer,* he thinks, *this would really not be fun in the winter.* Not that it's particularly fun right now. It's hard work and it's hot. He is also noticing he gets catcalled a lot by the Alpha's and some Betas, which at first was off putting but now he finds the ones that catcall also tip. Maybe he can put up with a bit of humiliation for some extra bucks.

He then decides to play up to this and wears progressively shorter shorts and tighter t shirts while not making as much of an attempt to stay dry as he was. His tips almost double and he finds he gets a smug sense of satisfaction from it, all those ridiculously horny Alpha's are so stupid if they want to waste their money on him then who is he to stop them? He feels a little like a stripper. He pushes these thoughts to the back of his mind though when the money rolls in and he can pay his rent and buy something other than noodles for dinner. Even managing to save a little for the winter because come winter he might actually have to start stripping.

Will is wearing his shortest shorts yet and his white t shirt is very damp and slightly see-through. His skin has gotten a nice glow from being outside every day and he is also quite toned from the exercise and better food he has been able to afford. He is still skinny but verging on lithe now and the tan helps him look healthier. He has a slight dusting of freckles on his fresh looking face and the moles on his neck stand out a bit more against his browner skin. His hair has also gotten long and even more curly because it's damp all the time now.

This particular afternoon the Omega is taking a break in the heat. Sitting in a plastic chair listening to music on his headphones, legs stretched out in front of him, old threadbare tennis shoes grey now instead of white. Leaning his head back he closes his eyes behind his cheap plastic framed sunglasses and is dozing in the warm sunshine feeling his damp t shirt dry in the sun. He doesn't hear the car drive up, he doesn't hear the car door open and close, he is only aware of someone else being there when the warmth from the sun is suddenly gone.

He opens his eyes and lowers his sunglasses to peer over the top of the frame. There is an older man standing in front of him. He is striking looking, tall and very well dressed, his hair is immaculate even in this heat it is flawless. Everything about him is expertly coiffed there isn't even a bead of sweat on his brow. Will leans to the side and looks around the man at his

car which is a very expensive and beautiful looking Bentley. Will looks back at the man and the word *Alpha* seems to slide down Will's spine as he meets those deep brown eyes.

The man coughs and Will takes out his headphones and sits up.

"Hi." Will says and pushes his sunglasses down his nose a little more to takes in the full view of the Alpha in front of him. He definitely has money, but he has class too. He is very well dressed and that car is a statement of wealth and influence if ever Will has seen one. Will finds he is slightly breathless at the sight of him and then the man tilts his head at his car and Will gets a sniff of the Alpha's scent. *Fuck* , he thinks, *he smells good.* Will has never smelt anything quite like it before, there is cologne, expensive cologne, but also something more, something pure and musky its intoxicating.

"Are you open?" The Alpha has an accent, his voice is so smooth that Will almost shivers even in this extreme heat.

Will coughs and gets himself together "yes, sorry, of course."

The Alpha smiles and he has *fangs, honest to god fangs.* "I would like the full works please including the wax."

I bet you would , Will thinks and then the Alpha smiles such a smug smile Will is slightly worried he said that out loud. "Should take about half an hour. Do you want to wait?" Will stands up and puts his headphones and phone on the chair, he pushes the sunglasses up on his head and looks up at the alpha who is much taller than him. "Do you want to pay now or after?" Will doesn't mean this to come out as suggestive as it does, but this Alpha is affecting him as if it suddenly got even hotter out here.

The Alpha slowly gets his wallet out of his trouser pocket, it's an expensive leather one looks italian, he opens it and gets out fifty dollars he holds the notes up in between his fingers. He then very slowly leans in towards Will and whispers almost inaudibly into Will's ear, his breath on his ear is making Will's legs shake. "Make it an hour, Daddy can wait." He then leans back and allows Will to take the money from his hands.

Will is still coming to terms with the fact that this Alpha just called himself *Daddy* and how that made Will feel when he is moving away from Will. The Alpha walks behind Will, obviously and unashamedly taking in all of him in, he then picks up the headphones and phone from the chair where Will was sat, he sits down and puts the headphones in his ears and smiles at the pop music he hears.

Eventually Will puts the money in his pocket and removes his sunglasses throwing them blithely on the ground by the chair where the Alpha is now sitting. Will takes a deep breath and starts to clean the Bentley. The entire time he is cleaning the car he can feel the Alpha's eyes on him like a burn and he can feel himself getting turned on while he is being watched. The dynamic of this whole situation has completely changed, Will is usually the one in control flaunting but not feeling anything, but this Alpha is making him feel so turned on right now that he can barely concentrate. The Alpha is also still listening to the sugary pop music that Will was listening to as if he has decided this is Will's soundtrack.

Every time Will has to walk to the side of the car that the Alpha is closest to those eyes burn into him, he can feel the gaze as it dips from the nape of his neck, down his back, lingering on his ass and then down his long legs. The Alpha at some point also bent down and picked up Will's cheap plastic rimmed sunglasses and has put them on. Will thinks he looks both ridiculous and unbelievably hot at the same time and it brings a smile and a slight whimper to Will, which seemingly makes the Alpha feel very smug. Even that smug smile is so delicious it makes Will ache.

Will takes his time with the car, he wants to spend as much time in this moment as he can if he is honest. There is something so wonderfully hot about this situation, usually he feels a level of contempt for his 'customers' leering at him but under this Alpha's gaze he feels *appreciated* . The hour goes far too quickly and once Will is done he watches as the Alpha removes the headphones and sunglasses, stands up puts the phone and glasses on the chair and walks around the car inspecting Will's work he doesn't say anything. Will is watching every move he makes, his legs feel shaky and he is out of breath, his chest is rising up and down under his damp t shirt and it's not just from the exertion of washing the car.

Eventually the Alpha walks - no *stalks* - towards Will again, he has removed more money from his wallet which once he is close enough he pushes it into the waistband of Will's now slightly damp denim shorts, his fingers warm and lingering against Will's skin. Will can't stop his eyes from closing or the whimper that is released from his pink lips. The Alpha leans in again, fingers still in the waistband of Will's shorts he pulls him in closer and whispers in his ear "Daddy is very *pleased* ." Will moans again and opens his eyes just in time to see and feel the Alpha put a card in Will's back pocket, hand cupping his ass ever so slightly as he does so. "Are you available Saturday afternoon? I would like to hire you on a more regular basis." The Alpha's voice is like warm silk and Will lets out a long breath.

"To do what?" Will manages, the Alpha is still very close and all Will can smell is pure muskiness and its intoxicating, he is aware his voice to coming out breathless and at higher pitch than it usually is but he can't help it.

The Alpha smiles and removes his fingers from Will's waistband and takes a step back "to wash my car of course."

"Okay." Will manages as he watches the Alpha get in the car and drive away. Will takes out the card and looks at it. *Doctor Hannibal Lecter* it reads with an address written in script handwriting on the back Will shivers and moans in the heat.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Saturday can't come quick enough. Will is buzzing with excitement at the thought of seeing Doctor Hannibal Lecter again. He has to take like three buses to get to the Alpha's house so by the time he gets there he is already hot and flustered. Deciding on wearing the same short shorts he had on when they first met and the too tight white t shirt, he eventually arrives at the large intimidating looking house. Suddenly he feels nervous and ridiculous, the street is very well-to-do and he feels like a fool. He desperately tries to pull his t shirt down and he can feel the light breeze grazing against the back of his naked thighs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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As he has taken three buses and walked for half an hour he feels he may as well just go through with it so he takes a deep breath, walks up the steps to front door. Gingerly he presses the doorbell and waits. He feels small and out of his depth. *This is ridiculous* , he thinks, *what am I doing?*

Before he can run away the door is opened and that smell makes him close his eyes and sigh again.

"You came." That voice - it really does things to Will.

He shifts awkwardly as he opens his eyes, he can't quite look up at the Doctor yet he needs a minute to get his breath. "Yes." He mumbles.

"I realise I was terribly rude."

Will looks up then and meets those deep brown eyes, he is even more magnificent than Will remembers. "How so?"

“I never asked your name.”

“Will.” He replies and tries to stop shaking.

“Well Will I am so glad you came.” The Alpha looks behind Will and seems to realise something “how did you get here?”

“Buses and walking.” Will replies, eyes down looking up through his eyelashes.

“My apologies. I assumed you would have a car, I will give you a lift back and in the future I will collect you.” The Doctor then looks him up and down, noticing the sheen of sweat glistening on his skin. “Would you like a drink?”

“Yes, please, thank you.” Will responds and tries not to think about what *in the future* means.

The Alpha nods and then says “why don’t you get started? I have left out everything you need on the driveway, I will return with a drink for you.” With that he shuts the door and leaves Will standing there in the heat feeling far too exposed. He should really just go but somehow he can’t. He turns and looks at the car in the driveway, as promised all the equipment he needs to wash the car has been laid out for him. He sighs and makes his way back down the steps to the pile of buckets, car shampoo, waxes and cloths that have been left out as well as the hose pipe.

The Bentley glistens in the light, if Will had not seen the small amount of dirt on the tyres he would have guessed that the Alpha had not driven it at all since the last time at the Carwash. He see’s it as a waste to wash it again, considering it does not appear dirty to him, but if he did say something it would mean that he would miss out on this time with the Alpha, so he does the most rational thing, grabbing a bucket, he starts to fill it with water and then adds the car shampoo, watching it foam until it is full.

Dropping the sponge into the bucket, Will watches the soapy foam overflow, ideas forming in his head as Hannibal returns with a glass of water, lemon and lime added to it with a straw. Will knows just how to try and make the Alpha sweat, kneeling down he plays with the sponge until Hannibal is in front of him. He then looks up, baring his neck as he smiles playfully and slowly stands.

“Thanks.” He says, taking the offered glass, without pause or waiting for an answer, Will licks his lips before he sucks on the straw, looking back through his lashes at the Alpha. He see’s Hannibal’s adam’s apple bob as he swallows, his lips being licked and something flashes through those maroon eyes before it is hastily covered up with a clearing of his throat.

Will is thirsty though, not only for the drink but so much more, something that he has successfully conveyed, through that little act. Handing back the empty glass, he smacks his lips and sighs, at least one part of his thirst is sated.

“If you need anything else, *anything,* ” Hannibal says, making Will smirk a little. “Please let me know… *Daddy* enjoys pleasing you.”

A shiver runs down Will's spine as he hears that word again, he's never been into it, even now he would likely scoff at anyone else who said those words to him. With Hannibal however, it makes him melt, skin burning from a heat that has nothing to do with the sun.

It's hard to turn his gaze away, but eventually Will does and grabs the sponge and sets to work. The sponge is thrown against the car, not to be aggressive, but to make the water fly through the air as Will tries to show himself off while he works, bending into positions that have nothing to do with car washing.

Muscles strain as Will flexes, all the while Hannibal is sitting down at a small table, glass of wine in the Alpha's hand as he sips on it, watching with avid attention. This is a show that is being specially choreographed just for him, to make him pay attention to what Will has to offer. The younger man's body so flexible and unmarred by life, striking pink lips and nipples to match from what Hannibal can see through the shirt, the first time he noticed the lack of chest hair, how sweet it was to look at the Omega's milky skin as he picture's what he must look like naked.

The soapy water is starting to cover Will more than the car, with his hair dripping, Will decides it is the perfect time to put in his best performance. His white t shirt is clinging to his skin, it is practically see through now. Slowly, he drops the sponge and lets hands slide down his body to the hem of the t shirt, lifting it up and pulling it off. It's casually tossed to the side, landing on the grass. Seeing as how Will has finally washed the whole car, he picks up the hose and cleans off the soapy water, it's when he is finished that he lets the hose spray water over him, making it rain as he combs one hand through his own hair and then down his body, baring his neck and flexing to show off the curve of his spine, how he can make his ass stick out in presentation for the Alpha, open and inviting.

As water drips from his hair and the hose is tossed gracefully to the side, Will lifts his head, swinging it back to make the water fly as his hair flicks through the air. Panting slightly, Will cracks open an eye to look at Hannibal in the distance, seeing the Alpha's mouth open, body rigid and what looks like the urge to stand barely being suppressed.

Still catching his breath, Will steps back and looks at the car, knowing he was drenched himself. "You don't have a towel I could borrow before I wax?" He says as innocently as possible while looking at the Alpha, flashing Hannibal a smile.

As Hannibal stands to fetch the towel, Will cleans up and gets the wax ready, wondering how he is even going to top that last performance. When Hannibal returns with the offered towel, he shyly thanks him as he brings it to wipe his face. The scent that hits his nose makes him moan, breathing deeply as he smell that musk, stronger than before. God, he just wants to rub himself non-stop with it and as he catches the slight narrowing of Hannibal's eye and the curl of his lips, that was exactly the plan.

Saying nothing more, Will dries himself while greedily inhaling the scent of the Alpha on the towel. His body buzzing knowing that the scent is on his skin now and will stay there until he showers, something he doesn't wish to do anymore.

Reluctantly, the towel is handed back, damp with Will's own scent ingrained into the fabric now. Looking into the Alpha's eyes briefly, Will knows that he is not going to be the only one

who enjoyed indulging his biological urges.

Will watches Hannibal walk back into the house, towel carried carefully. When the Alpha doesn't return immediately, Will smirks. Grabbing what he needs, he makes short work of waxing the Bentley, pleased with how the car looked when he is finally finished. It is only when he is polishing the last spec he found that Hannibal has appeared again, silently like the first time, Will noticing a few wrinkles that have appeared in his pristine suit. The Alpha approaches the bare chested Omega bearing some fresh clothing.

"Finished, so long as it is to your liking?" Will says, smiling kindly as he saunters forward, sun glinting off the fresh sheen of sweat that has appeared on his naked chest.

"Very," Hannibal is paying little attention to the car, eyes only for Will as he observes the sway of the Omega's hips, how some of his curls still clung to his skin and others that had dried swayed in the breeze. "You'll be needing a lift home. As well as something to wear."

Slowly, Will takes the offered clothing, it's not his size. It is Hannibal's. Hannibal is giving him some of his clothing to take home. Will wants to wear it, wasting no time as he pulls the shirt on he thanks the Alpha. Any other customer Will would have declined the offer for a drive home, but with being still being partially wet and with such a long journey to get back to his place, it is easier to accept and to also spend more time in Hannibal's presence.

Being somewhat clothed, Will gets into the car and gives directions to his apartment. Staying quiet while they listen to the classical music.

"I would very much like to book your services again next Saturday." Hannibal breaks the silence as he pulls up at Will's address. "If that is suitable?"

"Yeah, same time?"

"I'll pick you up before lunch. As for your clothing, I'll send something over. I'd hate to see your wardrobe ruined, or an accidental scratch on the car while you are cleaning it. Considering how much work you put into your job."

"Uhm, sure. I mean, you don't have to-"

"I insist," Hannibal purrs. "So long as there isn't anything you are uncomfortable in?"

For a brief second, Will considers losing all clothing and doing it naked. However it would not be considered proper and Hannibal is a man of taste, even though he enjoys the tease.

"Not really," He finally answers.

There is a smile from Hannibal, making Will shiver as he admires those fangs again and wonders what they would feel like on his skin. Before he can conjure up the image, money is being placed in his shorts again as Hannibal leans forward, closing the distance and making Will want to moan.

“Until next week, Will, Daddy can’t wait.”

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are the way Hannibal's eyes dilate when he watches Will drink from a straw, comments are the shade of pink Will's nipples are through his wet t shirt!
xxxx

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

This one should come with a health warning its a HOT ONE!!!

He hears a car horn from outside and knows it's Hannibal. Will pulls on his tennis shoes, ruffles his long hair and takes one last look in the mirror and smiles. He skips downstairs to the car. Hannibal is waiting for him, he rolls down the window "hello Will, please get in the back."

Will was going to sit in the front but does as he is told and gets in the back. He notices that Hannibal is watching him in the rearview mirror he smirks and positions himself so Hannibal has a good view of him. "Did you get my gift?" he asks.

Will smiles. "Yes, thank you," a slight pause, "Daddy." He can see that this pleases Hannibal who smiles and licks his lips, he smells the air and Will knows he can smell the lingering arousal coming off him in waves. Will shifts slightly "I am wearing them." He whispers.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Leaving his apartment on Friday, Will was thinking of what he would buy for lunch when he found the package on his doorstep. Picking it up, it weighed barely anything. Frowning at it, he looked for the sender and felt his face heat as he saw the beautiful cursive writing with Hannibal's name.

Taking it back into the apartment, he set it on the table and carefully opened it up. After removing the black sheer paper his fingers felt the beautiful silky fabric and lace.

"What expensive taste you have… Daddy." Will said as he picked up the silky red lace underwear, staring at it with a smile. The red was such a provocative color, a reminder of the way Will was making his money, though he had not explicitly sold his body in a way he was but with dignity. He had pride in himself, a comfortableness in his own skin and did not mind showing off for Hannibal alone. The red lacy underwear was certainly making this game more fascinating, as well as giving Hannibal a chance to truly admire his body.

This Saturday was surely going to be different.

Will looks in the mirror and smiles at the sight. For the moment he is just wearing the red panties they feel so soft against his skin, he turns and looks at himself from behind, his small

ass cheeks just poking out underneath the silk. He runs his fingers under the hem of the fabric and smiles. He looks at himself from the front again as he feels a slight drip of slick pool in the seat of the panties and he moans as his cock twitches, starting to strain against the fabric. He thinks about Hannibal. Closing his eyes he runs his hands down his chest to his hips imagining his hands are Hannibal's. He gasps at the thought of those strong hands on his hips and he can feel feel a spot of precum form on the front of the lace and he opens his eyes and smiles. He wants *Daddy* to be able to smell the arousal on him.

Will then dresses in his usual shorts which ride up at the back, he bends down and looks in the mirror sees the flash of red against his skin as he does so. He smiles. Will then grabs Hannibal's shirt which he borrowed last week, it's crumpled as he has made sure he has slept in it every night so their scents are thoroughly mixed something he knows Hannibal will smell instantly. He puts it on and buttons it up all the way to the top, it's too big for him so he rolls the sleeves up to reveal his forearms, it hangs past his shorts so it looks as if he only wearing the shirt. He thinks about just wearing the shirt and panties and makes himself moan again.

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Hannibal arches an eyebrow at that and licks his lips again.

"Would Daddy like to see?" Will says and he can see that Hannibal has gripped the steering wheel harder, nodding almost imperceptibly.

"Daddy would love to see, perhaps when we get to back to my house." Hannibal replies his voice only just sounding normal. Will nods but decides there is no harm in giving a pre-show before then.

Hannibal starts the car and the hum from the engine reverberates through Will who leans his head back against the supple leather of the seats, arching his neck he lets out a breathy little moan that he knows Hannibal can hear. Hannibal pulls out and starts to drive continuing to glance back at Will in the rear view mirror. Will very slowly begins to move and shift in his seat as if he uncomfortable, grinding his ass down on the leather, crossing and uncrossing his legs. Feeling the denim of his shorts ride up against him as he creates friction with his movement.

"Are you alright?" Hannibal asks as he stops at a red light, his voice betrays nothing but Will can see there is a glint in his eyes at the show.

Will smiles “yes Daddy, just trying to get comfortable. I think if I took these off it would be better.” He says this as he lifts up the shirt to reveal the shorts and a sliver of his flat slightly concave stomach.

“As you wish” Hannibal responds and grips the steering wheel tighter. The light turns green and he drives off still casting furtive glances to Will in the back seat.

Will moves so he is lying flat across the back seat, legs stretched out he can feel the soft leather against the back of his legs. He very slowly runs his hands up the sides of his legs, bunching the shirt up as his fingers finally reach the top button of his shorts and undo it, he unbuttons the rest of the fly. The red fabric can definitely be seen now and he is sure he hears a quiet moan from Hannibal. Will then hooks his thumbs under the waistband of the shorts and tilts his hips and ass up off the seat so he can slowly push them to the top of his thighs. He then shimmies them down his legs and uses his feet to push them off.

Hannibal has been watching this show and at the next stoplight he can see Will led down, legs bent, shirt bunched up over his stomach, palming at the red panties, his neck is arched and his pink lips are parted as he moans. Hannibal can smell the slick forming and imagines how wet those panties are right now, as Will continues to palm his cock and make little begging, whimpering noises. Will is so turned on right now his cock is getting harder and straining against the panties.

“Mmm Daddy” he moans, “do they look good?” Will shifts again and more slick flows from his hole, he is pretty sure he is going to stain the interior. “Does this please you Daddy?”

“Yes it does, you look very good. Daddy is *pleased,* ” he says this with only a trace of heat in his voice but it is enough for Will to moan again.

“Do you want to see?” Will says as he slips his hand under the panties and grasps his cock causing his back to arch up and another breathy moan to escape his lips. “Does Daddy want to see me?”

“Yes, Daddy would like that very much. Such a good slut for Daddy.” Will’s eyes roll back in his head at the sound of that, being called a slut makes his cock twitch as he realises somewhere deep in the back of his mind that feels so right, he *likes* it. He slips both hands under the panties now, with one he releases his cock and takes it in his hand gently stroking the shaft, his other hand he deftly moves to his now very slick hole and slips a finger inside, a long high moan leaves his lips as he does.

“Mmm.” Will moans as he starts to masturbate himself and push his finger inside himself, his hips lifting up and down off the seat as he does so.

“Tell Daddy what you are thinking about?” That accent and that voice will be the death of Will he is sure as bites his lower lip trying not to come, he needs to last. The car speeds up and the vibration from the engine reverberates through his entire body.

“Mmm,” Will responds and licks his lips, he tilts his head and meets Hannibal’s eyes in the rearview mirror. “Daddy, I’m thinking about you Daddy. How I want to be your perfect little slut, just for you. Mmm yes, just for you, your little *Omega* .”

That actually elicits an audible moan from Hannibal which makes Will gasp that he has this effect on this Alpha.

“Daddy would like that. Tell me my beautiful little Omega slut, have you been with an Alpha? Have you ever been touched?” Hannibal has suspected he hasn’t, that Will is all tease and is still a virgin, he hopes so he wants him to be just for him only.

Will moans “no, no I haven’t, oh Daddy, mmm.” Will is squirming now and adds another finger into his widening leaking hole, he feels so empty he longs to be filled, he longs for those strong Alpha hands to grasp him, that cock to fill him.

“Would you like to be? Would you like Daddy to touch you?” Hannibal’s accent is deep now and Will can feel the words press against his skin like a burn, he is sweating under the shirt and his long curls are sticking to his forehead.

“Yes, oh god yes.” Will responds.

“Mmm, will you come for Daddy? In the back of his car like the beautiful whore he knows you are?” Hannibal has stopped at a red light again and his eyes are fixed on the image of Will writhing in his back seat that he can see in his mirror but he still doesn’t turn around.

Will is so turned on he wants Hannibal to call him a slut and a whore forever, it feels so strangely good. He knows he is going to come soon and he strokes himself a few more times and then lets his orgasm rip through his body, white trails of ejaculate spill over his hand, the panties and the bottom of the shirt. “Daaaddddyyy.” Will wails as he comes in the back of Hannibal’s Bentley.

Hannibal had watched Will pull the sodden panties and his shorts back on as he parked the car in the driveway. Will is a spectacular mess, his hair is damp with sweat, his cheeks are flushed and there are cum stains on Hannibal’s shirt. “I think you should get cleaned up.” Hannibal says as he exits the car and walks around to the side door and opens it for Will who takes his time getting out of the car so Hannibal can take in those legs, the smell of his recent orgasm and the slick that is still leaking from his hole. Hannibal is very careful not to touch Will he just stands a little too close and smells his hair it’s infuriatingly hot for Will to have him so close.

Once inside Hannibal shows Will where the shower is and lays out towels, another shirt for him and this time a pair of boxers. Before he leaves Will to shower he turns to look as Will is unbuttoning the too large shirt “Will?”

Will stops and meets those eyes, they haven’t actually spoken since they left the car but Will can feel the beautiful tension between them. “Yes.” He replies, taking a step closer to Hannibal who doesn’t move but his gaze dips up and down Will’s body and gets caught at the flesh revealed from the few undone buttons of the shirt.

“Can you stay? Will you stay overnight with me? I can take you home tomorrow. I can pay you for your trouble. Would you like that?” His voice is very quiet and soft and it makes Will want to kiss him, take his lips in his and softly allow himself to be devoured.

“Would Daddy like that?” Will leans in closer and his hand drifts up to Hannibal’s tie and grasps the knot pulling it slightly.

“Yes.” Will stands on his toes so he can ghost his lips against Hannibal’s and moans.

“Then of course.” Will responds. Hannibal then gently removes Will’s hand from his tie and takes a step back.

“Take your time I will be downstairs preparing lunch. Join me when you are ready.” With that Hannibal leaves Will to shower.

Chapter End Notes

Your comments and kudos give us so much life you have no idea!
Kudos are the way Will runs his fingers under the hem of his underwear, Comments are the way Hannibal grips the steering wheel at the sight of writhing Will in his back seat!

More next week! xx

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The silence is comfortable between them but Will can feel that gaze on him still like a burn. He makes his way back to the coffee table and carefully places the wine glass down moving back to stand between Hannibal's legs. Will stands in front of Hannibal and allows Hannibal to look at him. Will pushes his hair behind his ear and bites his lower lip as those eyes bear into his. Will smiles and undoes the first few buttons of the shirt, Hannibal smirks as he watches those thin, delicate fingers undo the buttons revealing the tanned, smooth skin underneath.

"Daddy likes to watch." Will says as his hands move lower, he is almost on the last button.

Chapter Notes

I have merged chapters 4 & 5 so that's why the chapter number has changed and why this one is slightly longer than the ones have been.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will spends a long time in the shower it's been awhile since he has been in such a nice shower. It's huge and the pressure is divine, the shampoo and soaps that Hannibal has left him smell so good and feel amazing on his skin. He lets the warm water soothe his skin as he catches his breath and thinks about what he has just agreed to. How did this go from car washing to *performing* in the back seat of Hannibal's car? Will's smiling though, he feels good, he feels like he could have Hannibal look at him like that forever. He wonders how much he will get for staying over but he knows it doesn't matter. He wants this. He wants to see where this game is going to take him. *Beats washing cars* , he smiles.

Once dressed in another oversized shirt of Hannibal's and a pair of boxers that Will suspects Hannibal has bought for him as they fit him snugly, he makes his way downstairs to find Hannibal in the lounge. Will gingerly walks in and Hannibal looks up from the book he is reading and smiles at Will who is looking at him meekly.

"Would you like some food?" Hannibal offers as he points to the tray of fruits and cheese on the coffee table, there is also wine Will notices. "Please come in and sit down."

Will walks over to where Hannibal is sitting and stands between his legs, he holds out his hand. "I thought you might want these back." Will says with a grin as he offers Hannibal the red, sodden panties.

Hannibal arches an eyebrow at that, he carefully places the bookmark in the book and puts it down on the sofa next to him, he slowly takes the red panties from Will and brings them up to his nose and inhales them. Will watches all of this wide eyed and excited. Hannibal then takes them and puts them in his trouser pocket. "Thank you." He says smoothly, "please sit." and motions for Will to take a seat next to him which Will does. "Are you hungry?" Hannibal asks and Will realises he is famished.

"Yes." Will feels shy all of a sudden, which is ridiculous after his behaviour in the back seat of Hannibal's car, his voice is small and quiet.

Hannibal takes in the small Omega sat nervously on the edge of the couch and smiles. "Please eat."

Will looks at the plate of fruit and cheese slowly he leans forward and takes a piece of cheese and puts it in his mouth and groans at how good it tastes. He then starts to eat the fruit and more of the cheese, Hannibal is watching him with rapt attention as Will devours most of what is on the plate licking his fingers after every bite. Eventually Will realises he has just been eating and not paying any attention to Hannibal he looks back over his shoulder and meets those Alpha eyes. Will grins and picks up the plate moving to the sofa and then he slowly stands and moves closer to Hannibal, carefully he lowers himself so he stradling Hannibal's lap. He then picks up a grape from the plate and holds it between his fingers he presses it against Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal parts his lips and allows Will to place the grape inside his mouth, he lets go and watches Hannibal eat the grape while Will licks his fingers clean.

Will continues to feed Hannibal who does not move his hands from his side and remains still except for opening his mouth to take food from Will. Hannibal is still not touching Will who only gets the occasional scrape of tongue against his fingers and the warmth of Hannibal's clothed thighs against Will's bareskin. Once the plate of food is finished Hannibal smiles and licks his lips.

"Thank you." Hannibal says looking into Will's eyes, "would you like some wine?"

Will nods and reluctantly removes himself from Hannibal's lap and stands up. Hannibal then rises and moves around to the other side of Will and pours him a small glass of red wine which he hands to Will who takes it, sips it, and then moves around the room looking at the various paintings and small sculptures. Hannibal sits down and watches him as he moves around the room taking occasional sips from his wine, licking any errant drops with his tongue.

The silence is comfortable between them but Will can feel that gaze on him still like a burn. He makes his way back to the coffee table and carefully places the wine glass down moving back to stand between Hannibal's legs. Will stands in front of Hannibal and allows Hannibal

to look at him. Will pushes his hair behind his ear and bites his lower lip as those eyes bear into his. Will smiles and undoes the first few buttons of the shirt, Hannibal smirks as he watches those thin, delicate fingers undo the buttons revealing the tanned, smooth skin underneath.

“Daddy likes to watch.” Will says as his hands move lower, he is almost on the last button.

Hannibal is not reacting he is just watching as Will finally undoes the last button and very slowly shrugs the shirt off so it’s hanging at his elbows. Will then takes a small step back and lets the shirt drop completely from his arms onto the floor. He is left standing there in just the well fitting boxers. Will then strokes his chest with his hands just as he had done in the mirror before he left and he notices the hitch in Hannibal’s breathing as he does so. He then sways his svelte hips slightly, hands now lazily at his side.

Will has never really done anything like this before but under Hannibal’s gaze he feels emboldened as that warm feeling of being *appreciated* is back causing a lovely flush to graze his skin. Hannibal watches the uncertainty in Will’s eyes and finds it charming. Will skirts a finger under the waistband of the boxers running it along the skin just below the hipbone. Hannibal smiles and picks up his glass of wine and sips from it enjoying the show.

There is no music playing and so Will has to think of some in his head to find a rhythm to sway his hips to, as he gently pushes one side of the boxers past his hip bone. He strokes his other hand up his chest to his nipple which he takes in between his fingers and pinches causing it to become red. Hannibal smiles and sips his wine again. Will starts to think about Hannibal’s fangs and how they would feel scraping against his flesh, how they felt when they brushed up against his fingers earlier.

Will starts to hum a silly pop tune as he absently sways side to side and continues to stroke his hand up and down his chest and to his nipples. His other hand is pushing the boxers down in small increments revealing more flesh. Eventually Will turns around and slowly pushes the boxers past his very firm ass and lets them fall to his feet where he slowly steps out of them. He then coyly looks over his shoulder at Hannibal, long hair tickling the back of his neck.

Hannibal takes in this sight of this Omegan nymph standing naked in the fading sunlight in his lounge, the smooth expanse of his back, the curve of his ass and those long, lithe legs and lets out a breath. He gently reaches out and just touches Will’s hips with the pads of his fingers and applies pressure encouraging Will to take a step back so he is closer to Hannibal which he does. Once he is positioned between Hannibal’s legs again Will feels the whisper of a touch on his ass as Hannibal strokes the skin with the lightest of touches it’s barely there but Will can feel his skin reacting to every air molecule moved by Hannibal’s hands.

“Turn around.” Hannibal says shaking Will out of his revelry, “Daddy wants to see you.”

Will smiles and moans he takes a step forward again and slowly turns around so Hannibal can see him. His cock is only partly full and hangs between his legs, his hole is beginning to fill with slick which Hannibal can smell. He stands with his hands lazily at his side and shakes his head to get the hair out of his face.

“You are very beautiful.” Hannibal says as he sips his wine again.

Will smiles because no one has ever called him beautiful before, that flush returns to his skin and Hannibal hums approvingly. He should feel exposed and part of him does but he realises that part of him likes it, he enjoys the feeling of shame and arousal being intertwined. It is something he never realised about himself but Hannibal seemed to have sensed it immediately.

“You liked it when I called you a whore earlier.” Hannibal’s voice is devoid of judgement he is just interested.

“Yes.” Will says and Hannibal arches an eyebrow expectantly and Will adds “yes *Daddy* .”

“You like being Daddy’s little whore?”

Will hums in approval and his Omegan cock flinches and fills more at the sound of Hannibal using the word *whore* . “Yes.” He breathes out and closes his eyes, head lolling back slightly, curls dangling and neck arching. It makes Hannibal want to pull his hair back and bite his neck *not yet,* he thinks, *not yet.*

“Come and sit on Daddy’s lap.” Hannibal says and Will slowly brings his head forward again and opens his eyes.

Slowly Will closes the distance between them and once again straddles Hannibal, sitting himself in his lap. Hannibal once again leaves his hands at his side and doesn’t touch Will who can feel the pressure of Hannibal’s semi erect cock against him and gasps, grinding down slightly against it. Hannibal leans his head back on the sofa and moans.

Will then feels Hannibal’s hands encircle his ankles just as Hannibal rights his head and meets Will’s gaze. “Daddy would like to watch you play with yourself again.” His voice is steady but deep, Will starts to think he could come just from the accent alone.

“I may need some help Daddy,” Will smiles seductively, wanting to feel Hannibal’s touch. He loves those strong hands on his body, ever so gently caressing him. Truly Will knows he doesn’t need any help, with Hannibal’s strong scent and his half hard cock he could come in seconds already. He just wants to feel Hannibal, to have the Alpha touch the most intimate of places and be even more undone.

“Would my little whore like it if Daddy touches him?” There is a purr to Hannibal’s voice, fangs being bared with that predatory smile. Hannibal leans in, smelling the pre-cum, the slick that is gathering. He wouldn’t be surprised if it dripped onto his pants right now, how he would revel in that aroma for days, reminded of the wanton creature that is sitting in his lap now, ready to beg so politely for his cock, his knot, even just his touch. Hands smooth down Will’s chest, over his belly as he pictures the little concave stomach bloating from his knot and pumping it full of his seed. The pale milky flesh of Will’s against his own body, entwined.

“Please,” Whispers Will, batting his eyes at Hannibal now.

Any other Alpha by now would have fucked Will, knotted him, claimed him, marked him. Hannibal can not deny the thought of marking the boy excites him, but so does this chase. If he had been the usual Alpha, Will would have likely run or rolled his eyes. Will enjoys this as much as Hannibal does, perhaps even more. That is why he will continue to play this game.

With Will grinding against him, desperate for more, Hannibal lets his hand run over the Omega’s ass. The hand retracts though, drawing a whine from Will that makes Hannibal smile a little wider, taking the plug from his pocket as he brings it up and shows it to Will.

“They say diamonds are an Omega’s best friend.” The gold plug sits in his hand, the diamond at the base shines and catches Will’s eyes. He can see the slight dilation of blue eyes, how Will’s mouth opens a little wider, not sure if it is the fact that he had brought Will a toy or that is was expensive. “Only the best.”

As he turns it, Will swallows. The tip is pointed, widening till it narrows and flares at the base again, ensuring that when it is inserted it will not fall out easily. Hannibal couldn’t stand that thought, no. He wants to take it from Will, to taste the slick that will be covering the gold, savouring it like the finest caviar.

Gingerly, Will lets a finger reach out and touch the offered toy, licking his lips. It’s small, nowhere near as big as he is sure Hannibal is. “Please Daddy?” He asks.

“So polite.” replies Hannibal, bringing the toy to Will’s mouth. “I know you are wet, but some more natural lubricant will help… Open up.” As the tip touches Will’s lip, he opens up and sucks the gold plug in his mouth, the cold steel against his tongue warming as he sucks on it while looking at Hannibal. He knows he is exciting the Alpha, he feels Hannibal’s cock twitch, hears the slight rasp in his breath.

Patiently, he waits till Hannibal takes it from him, chasing it, earning him a light chuckle and swat on his ass. “Now now, you need to present so I can make sure your new toy does not cause any problems.”

Doing as asked, Will smiles to himself when he stands and turns around, bending over seductively as he feels the pointed tip circling his hole. Hannibal is certainly taking his time to admire his entrance while Will wishes he would lean in and taste his slick directly from the source. To feel the Alpha’s tongue, his high cheekbones pressed to his ass in the effort to taste and smell his scent. The lewd ideas go straight to his cock and he can feel his hole twitch and a drop of slick escape.

“Beautiful,” He hears the Alpha murmur, accent thick. The light rush of air against his slick hole makes him moan, feeling it wink at the Alpha as his face blushes furiously. As the plug slides in, Will breathes out. “Thank you Daddy.” Will breathes out and he hears that rumble from behind, he know he has pleased Hannibal immensely.

“What a good slut you are. Sit back down on my lap I want to see you enjoy yourself for Daddy.” Hannibal’s voice is deeper and it makes Will moan as he turns around again and slowly, carefully straddles Hannibal again the plug brushing up inside him as he does. Will is

now quite painfully hard and he can feel that Hannibal is too, feeling a bulge against his naked thigh. Once Will is settled in Hannibal's lap he feels Hannibal's hands skirt around to his hole and gently apply pressure to the plug. Will throws his head back and gasps Hannibal's name.

Will manages to grasp his Omegan cock with one of his hands and starts to smear the precum that has formed at the tip down the shaft slowly as he gently tips his hips forward against the bulge he can feel from Hannibal.

"Mmm, yes Daddy." He gasps as Hannibal watches this nymph in his lap, he longs to touch every inch of Will's skin, he longs to bend him over and take him, keep on taking him until they are both a shaking, shivering mess but he likes to be patient. There will be time he has plans. Will is very close to coming Hannibal can tell as he can feel the warmth from the slick forming under the plug and the way Will's stomach muscles are twitching. Hannibal wants Will to come over his clothes, he wants to be ruined by this creature gyrating in his lap.

"Are you going to come for Daddy, like a good slut, are you going to make a mess?" Hannibal's accent is heavier as his eyes are fixed on that wonderfully arched neck, he presses the plug in a little more and Will loses all abandon and speeds up his hand moving up and down his cock, his other hand is bracing himself on the sofa so he can bend back and show off his pert nipples and wonderfully unblemished neck, none of which is lost on Hannibal.

"Yes, Daddy, oh god yes Daddy, please." Will comes then high, warm stripes of cum land over his hand on to Hannibal's lap. His whole body is twitching still shaking he can still feel the plug brushing up inside him, his skin is humming and he is not sure he has ever felt more turned on in his life as he opens his eyes and meets those wonderful brown alpha eyes with that *appreciative* gaze.

"Such a mess you have made." Hannibal breaks the revelry as he watches Will's chest rise up and down as he attempt to catch his breath, he once more has a sheen of sweat clinging to his skin and his beautiful curls are stuck to his forehead. He is the very picture of abandon and Hannibal wants to keep him here in his house, in his lap forever. "Are you going to clean it up?" Hannibal smiles and Will opens his eyes and looks quite shocked which is so endearing to Hannibal considering he has just witnessed Will make himself come in his Hannibal's lap. "Be a good whore for Daddy."

Will feels out of breath and out of his depth, he can still feel the plug inside him and he is suddenly aware that he is very naked and Hannibal is not and this is just the way Hannibal wants it. That strange combination of shame and arousal coils once again in Will's stomach. Hannibal then takes Will's hand that was on his cock and is now covered in his cum and brings it to his mouth, Will watches with rapt interest as Hannibal's tongue skirts out between his lips and licks some of the white hot liquid from his fingers and moans. He then moves Will's hand to his own lips and pushes Will's fingers in between his lips so he can taste himself.

"Tell Daddy how that tastes?" Hannibal's asks and Will sucks his own fingers into his mouth. Will has never tasted himself before and it's a strange but not unpleasant sensation. "Daddy thinks you taste exquisite." Will opens his eyes as Hannibal removes his hand from Will, his fingers are still in his mouth and he licking up all the cum from his hand while

Hannibal watches him. Once he has licked up everything from his hand he gently gets off Hannibal's lap and kneels between his legs so he can lick up all the cum that has gone on Hannibal's trousers, his tongue tracing the sizeable bulge, the promise of so much more Will moans.

"Good boy, yes." Once Will is done he sits back on his ankles and looks up at Hannibal expectantly and Hannibal gently cups the side of Will's face. "Daddy would like to kiss you, to taste you on your on tongue, would you let him?"

Wil moans at very notion of finally touching those lip with his own, of that tongue scraping against his, he finds it very hard to catch his breath again. "Yes, please Daddy."

"Come back up here but I want you to hold your hands behind your back while I kiss you."

"Yes Daddy," Will slowly gets up and lowers himself once more into Hannibal's lap and clasps his hands behind his back. Hannibal cups Will's face again and then snakes his hand to the back of his neck and gently moves Will towards him so their lips finally meet. Its is soft and slow at first, Will tries to deepen it but is stopped by Hannibal's hand gently touching his chest stilling him. Hannibal gently sucks on Will's bottom lip taking his time he slowly opens up to Will's probing tongue and Hannibal moans as he tastes Will.

Hannibal breaks the kiss and looks at Will smiling showing his fangs and causing Will to say breathlessly "Daddy."

"Such a pretty whore." Hannibal says and watches the way the word *whore* seems to make Will shiver again with delight.

"What about Daddy? Don't you want to feel good?" Will says he is so desperate now for Hannibal to touch him more, to see him, god he wants to see the cock he can feel large and warm against his thigh.

"You make Daddy feel good. Daddy has one more request of his little slut before he fucks you. He will fuck you, I will fuck you until you are a writhing inconsolable mess in my bed but first one more game for Daddy."

Will is humming and moaning at those words he has never wanted to be fucked more in his life. He wants Hannibal to take him, he wants to be taken over and over again. He manages to look at Hannibal and meet his eyes "anything for Daddy." He says and Hannibal smiles and moans.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are the way Hannibal's eyes dilate as Will looks at him over his shoulder, comments are how good Will's ass looks in those snug boxers!

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

It’s not a simple lick, where each spot has landed Hannibal kisses, making Will feel positively debauched, he can feel the coarseness of Hannibal’s tongue against his skin but also the softness of his lips. The way the Alpha sucks gently, trying to mark him, as if he hasn’t done it enough already, surely others will smell this on him for days, Will wants others to know that he is Hannibal’s. To have Hannibal’s scent all over him and revel in being able to see and touch where Hannibal’s lips have been, he knows his own lips will be swollen from what has just happened, and as he brings fingers to touch them deftly he can feel the swell, knowing he must look quite undone under the Alpha’s watchful gaze.

Chapter Notes

Please mind the tags. This chapter has the dubious consensual blow job so skip it if you need to.

Two more chapters to go! There is a second part in the works...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal carries Will upstairs to the bedroom and places him on the edge of the bed, still naked and still with the plug inside. Will is nervous and excited to see what this game is going to be. Hannibal goes to his walk in closet and brings out a box for Will and places it on his lap. “Wear this for Daddy. He wants to see you how you move in this. Will you dance for Daddy?”

Will feels himself getting hard again at those words. “Is there music?”

Hannibal smiles at his shy beautiful boy, he cups his face again with his hand and says “what music would you like?”

Will takes a deep breath, “if you could get my phone while I change I can choose something.” Hannibal smiles and nods. He gets up and leaves the room to retrieve Will’s phone.

Will looks down at the shiny black cardboard box he runs his finger along the edge before he opens it letting the lid drop to to the floor. He pushes the tissue paper aside and sees black satin and something else. He picks up the contents of the box and smiles.

When Hannibal returns Will has lowered the lights and moved one of the wingback chairs so it is facing the bed but with some distance in front of it. Hannibal places Will's phone on the edge of the bed and then takes his seat and waits. Will is in the ensuite changing, he wants to make sure he looks good for Daddy. He hears Hannibal enter the room and takes one last look at himself in the bathroom mirror and then he has an idea. Turning on the tap at the sink he dunks his head under wetting his hair then towel dries it but it's still dripping. He smiles and then takes one one of the roses that is in the a vase on a small table in the corner and decides to take it with him.

He steps out into the main bedroom and immediately feels that hot gaze on him as he makes his way over to the bed where he can see his phone he turns his back to Hannibal and chooses a song to play. Once it starts he doesn't turn around just gently sways his hips, he holds the rose in both hands just under his ass, he throws his head back and then looks over his shoulder at Hannibal whose expression has turned from appreciative to lustful.

Hannibal looks at Will and takes in the sight. He is wearing high black stilettos, black fishnets stockings attached to a garter belt and very small satin panties. Over his chest is a loose lace corset which sits just under his nipples. He looks glorious and then Hannibal notices the wet hair and moans.

"Does Daddy approve?" Will says over his shoulder and looking through his eyelashes.

"Turn around." Hannibal's voice is dripping in arousal and it makes Will's slick push up against the plug and he gasps.

Will complies and slowly turns around, taking the rose in one hand he traces it down his chest, against the lace and then further to skirt around his now hardening cock. Hannibal smiles "yes, Daddy approves."

Will smiles then and bites his lower lip which all but makes Hannibal's eyes roll back in his head. He starts to move closer to Hannibal swaying those lithe hips as he goes, those long legs slowly walking carefully on the high heels, they look even longer and Hannibal cannot take his eyes off them. Will then bends down and runs the rose up his leg slowly straightening up as he does. Hannibal moans approval. Will turns around and moves his ass side to side and then bends down again, the satin of the panties straining, Hannibal can see the outline of the plug.

Will slowly straightens up and makes his way to Hannibal and stands between his parted knees looking down at him, he sways his hips still as Hannibal looks up at him. "Such a beautiful whore for Daddy." Hannibal takes the rose from Will and strokes the petals down Will's leg who is whimpering slightly now as he gets harder by the second. "On your knees." Hannibal says and Will slowly complies as the plug shifts when his ass hits the back of his ankles he looks up at Hannibal, pink lips parted slightly, chest heaving up and down, a flush to his cheeks. "Do you know what Daddy would like to do you?"

Will lets out a long a breath and shakes his head no, his wet locks shimmering as droplets of water hit the floor. Hannibal smiles “Would you let Daddy do anything to you?” Will nods his skin feels like it buzzing. “Would you be a good cockslut for Daddy and take his cock in your mouth?” Hannibal really wants to see those pinks lips stretched and those eyes filled with tears as he is filled and gagged with Hannibal’s cock.

Will’s eyes go wide at the suggestion but his cock twitches there is so much slick forming behind the plug it’s threatening to come out. Will moans and nods.

“Good boy, do you want to help Daddy?” Will nods eagerly and brings his hands up to Hannibal’s lap he undoes the belt, then the top button of Hannibal’s trousers, then the fly and Hannibal moans as Will’s hands delve under the waistband of Hannibal’s boxers he can feel the heat of his Alpha engorged cock. Hannibal stands up his trousers and underwear fall around his thighs. Will is so out of breath with excitement his nipples are rising up and down with speed which Hannibal appreciates. Hannibal presses the tip of his cock against Will’s pink lips and he gently applies pressure as Will parts his lips and opens his mouth allowing himself to be filled. Will chokes at first as Hannibal’s cock hits the back of his throat, tears form in his eyes and Hannibal moans at the sight, even more beautiful than he imagined.

“Breathe through your nose my beautiful whore, you can do this, you can do this for Daddy.” Will hums and the vibrations feel divine on Hannibal’s cock. Hannibal brings his hands to Will’s hair and grasps those silky damp curls and pulls which elicits another wanton moan from Will, eyes still wide and glistening with tears, chest still heaving. “Such a good whore, you look beautiful.”

Hannibal then begins to thrust into Will’s tight, hot mouth, pink lips slipping over the shaft of his cock feel just as soft as he imagined. He continues to thrust into his cockslut while pulling his hair as Will moans and splutters Hannibal doesn’t stop, the more Will sputters and contracts around Hannibal’s cock the faster he goes. He praises Will as he does and notices that despite the whimpering Will’s cock is rock hard.

“Are you going to swallow all of Daddy’s cum? You sweet whore.” Hannibal says as he feels he is going to come and he wants to shoot it all down Will’s slender throat.

Will can only hum as his mouth is full and Hannibal smiles as he thrusts the last few times before he is coming hard down Will’s throat, tears stream down Will’s cheeks. As Will’s mouth fills, Hannibal can feel the desperate struggle to swallow him down. Will chokes, a small cough that makes some cum spill and a few drops land on his cheeks, Hannibal pulls back and lets Will breathe, he leans down, hands cupping Will’s jaw as he tilts it and leans in.

It’s not a simple lick, where each spot has landed Hannibal kisses, making Will feel positively debauched, he can feel the coarseness of Hannibal’s tongue against his skin but also the softness of his lips. The way the Alpha sucks gently, trying to mark him, as if he hasn’t done it enough already, surely others will smell this on him for days, Will wants others to know that he is Hannibal’s. To have Hannibal’s scent all over him and revel in being able to see and touch where Hannibal’s lips have been, he knows his own lips will be swollen

from what has just happened, and as he brings fingers to touch them deftly he can feel the swell, knowing he must look quite undone under the Alpha's watchful gaze.

As Hannibal pulls away, Will follows his touch, missing it when Hannibal lets him go. He feels exhaustion creeping up on him, eyelids growing heavy as his body sags. Hannibal pulls up his underwear and trousers tucking his cock away Will whimpers. Still on his knees, Will leans forward towards Hannibal's warm body, feeling the fabric of the suit against his skin before hands come to hold him again. When Will finally opens his eyes and looks at Hannibal, he is met with warmth that makes him smile and leans in closer.

Hannibal wastes no time in taking the Omega into his lap again, adjusting him to cradle in his arms as he stands and walks towards the guest bedroom, placing Will down on the made bed as he then heads to the bathroom, when the bath is suitably filled he returns to WIll.

"Normally I would leave my guest alone to bathe in peace, but I highly doubt you would wish that now, Will." Hannibal says, a hint of smugness to his voice as hands return to WIll's body. Fingers slowly undoing the buttons and the garter, reverently taking off the high heels and the fishnet stocking as he strokes lithe long legs.

All the while, Will barely smiles, trying to keep a straight face as he watches the Alpha worshipping his body, knows he wants to do more. He can't deny the aftercare is pleasing after what they just did, his body aches slightly and he is still semi hard, the plug nestled inside of him prolonging his own orgasm.

"May I?" Asks Hannibal, gesturing to the plug Will has been thinking about.

He can't help but to feel his cheeks flush slightly, eyes averted from Hannibal's until he gingerly nods.

Hannibal takes his time, fingers skimming over Will's naked thighs before he lets them trace around the diamond, making Will's breath hitch as he feels the first gentle tug, a tease to see. Of course it doesn't fall out so easily, his muscles contracting around it involuntarily to hold it in. Finally, Hannibal pulls it out, letting out the slick that has pooled up leak out slowly and making Will feel extremely aroused and ashamed as the scent of it fills the room. As Hannibal holds the plug up, Will can see the slick coating it, how a single drip falls and lands on Hannibal's finger. Will then watches as Hannibal sucks on the very digit and closes his eyes and hums.

There is an audible moan from Will, ready to come at the sight alone, even more so when Hannibal opens his eyes and focuses completely on him, he feels so horny. He wonders what Hannibal see's in him, truly, how he could have a taste for him. It is like the prince and the pauper, they are so far apart, but the way Hannibal looks at him now makes him feel like he has eyes only for him, it makes Will feel special, something that he has not felt before really, that sense of belonging somewhere.

"How do I taste?" asks Will, licking his own lips as he tastes the remnants of Hannibal still lingering there. "Daddy?"

“Divine,” Hannibal hums, leaning forward as he hovers just above Will now, he looks into those blue eyes and calculates before he decides to close the distance and let Will have his own chance to savour his unique blend. It’s gentle at first, Hannibal opening Will’s mouth slowly before he lets Will taste his tongue, swallowing the moan Will gives him. He could survive on this Omega for days, savour all he has to offer him, while most would find it crude, Hannibal knows he could feed Will different wines and dishes, changing the flavour of what Will’s body produced. He could feed him, sweeten the flesh on Will’s bones and turn him into so many wonderful dishes, but then he would be deprived of this beautiful wanton creature, he would not be able to see or taste him again. It would be a waste to deprive the world of such beauty.

Chapter End Notes

kudos are the droplets of water falling from Will's hair and comments is the sound of Hannibal's moan when he looks at Will's wet hair.

Thank you all for your amazing comments on this fic! We are both disbelieving and grateful at how well this has been received it means the world xxxx

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> Will wakes to gentle sunlight coming in through the gap in the curtains and the smell of food wafting up from downstairs. The sheets feel so soft and silky on his skin as he stretches luxuriously, extending his legs out and pointing his toes, widening his arms he purrs and opens his eyes. He feels sore but in all the right places and he smiles as he remembers the feeling of Hannibal bathing him and the fullness of Hannibal's cock in his mouth. He had hoped that Hannibal would have slept in the same bed as him but clearly he has been left by himself in this huge, soft bed. Will's eyes are drawn to the door and the outfit and note that are hanging there, he smiles as he realises what it is.

Chapter Notes

> Early update for you as it's Xmas day on Monday. The next one (final one in this part) will be after Xmas before New Years.
>
> Happy Christmas everyone xxxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal stands and lifts Will into his arms, the Omega naked and flushed. Carrying him into the bathroom he gently lays Will in the bath, takes a loofah and starts to wash Will's skin. The loofah gently grates against his flesh, producing a light pinkness to his skin, dead cells fall away, Will relaxes in the warm water and watches Hannibal. Admiring how the Alpha has rolled up his sleeves but is still fully clothed. He can't wait to see him naked, the very thought has him lifting his hand and stretching it out to touch Hannibal's hair but his wrist is held gently and placed back in the tub.

"Later, let me take care of you first." says Hannibal, continuing where he had been. When he is finished, the tub drained, Will stands on his own, Hannibal places a towel around him, drying him slowly reverently touching every part of Will with the towel.

It is so pleasant and gentle, Will feels surprised by Hannibal treating him this way. Walking back into the bedroom, Will smiles as Hannibal draws the soft sheets back and lets Will slip in. He lays on his side. Feeling the bed dip, Will turns over and looks at Hannibal, letting the Alpha touch his hair, fingers stroke through his scalp as Will closes his eyes and lets sleep take over.

As Will sleeps, Hannibal stays awake, watching Will's chest rise and fall. The blush that had dusted the omega's cheeks fades away and his skin returns to its normal shade. A sketchpad is close by, and as Will sleeps blissfully unaware of his nakedness, Hannibal sketches the Omega. The details are not perfect, nothing could ever quite fully capture the true essence of Will's beauty, instead Hannibal has what he feels like is a poor substitute to admire when the Omega eventually must return home.

Leaving the room to let Will sleep Hannibal takes Will's old clothes to clean so so he can return home in them smelling his own scent upon them. The French maid's outfit is hung up on the back of the door, a note left that asking Will to join him in the kitchen for breakfast and to wear his "uniform" so he can clean the interior of the Bentley.

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Will wakes to gentle sunlight coming in through the gap in the curtains and the smell of food wafting up from downstairs. The sheets feel so soft and silky on his skin as he stretches luxuriously, extending his legs out and pointing his toes, widening his arms he purrs and opens his eyes. He feels sore but in all the right places and he smiles as he remembers the feeling of Hannibal bathing him and the fullness of Hannibal's cock in his mouth. He had hoped that Hannibal would have slept in the same bed as him but clearly he has been left by himself in this huge, soft bed. Will's eyes are drawn to the door and the outfit and note that are hanging there, he smiles as he realises what it is.

Slowly he gets out of the soft, warm bed and makes his way to the door so he can read the note. He reaches up and takes the outfit down, sauntering into the bathroom to get ready.

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Hannibal is cooking breakfast when the scent of his sweet Omega comes wafting down the stairs, then he hears the light footsteps and smiles in anticipation. Will walks in almost shyly, which is one of Hannibal's favourite things about him, his ability to look bashful despite being such a wanton little creature. Hannibal takes in the sight, starting with Will's wonderful, long, lithe legs which seem to go on for miles, the skirt so short it just covers him and Hannibal looks forward to seeing him bend down, the stockings giving his skin an even more smooth appearance and the line of the garter belt disappearing up towards that firm, small beautiful ass. The slim waist accentuated by the apron neatly tied around. He looks beautiful.

"Does Daddy like?" Will purrs as he turns around lifting the hem of the skirt up slightly with the tips of his fingers and peering back over his shoulder at Hannibal.

"Yes, Daddy likes very much." Hannibal says and takes a step closer to Will admiring the sight as he turns around again to face Hannibal. "Would you like some breakfast before you get to work?"

Will smiles and nods. Hannibal holds out a chair for Will to sit in and watches as he gracefully sits down, more of his legs now on show, the promise of the curve of his ass temptingly close. Will watches as Hannibal gracefully plates him eggs, english muffins and what looks and smells like homemade hollandaise sauce. Hannibal brings the plate over and

places it in front of Will and then pours him some freshly squeezed orange juice from the jug on the table. He sits down opposite Will with a cup of coffee and watches as Will devours his eggs and orange juice as if his life depended on it.

“You should take better care of yourself, you don’t eat enough.” Hannibal says placing his now empty coffee cup on the table.

Will smiles shyly “I have you now. Daddy.”

Hannibal smiles “as much as I would like to keep you here as my pet I believe you have a life that you need to live.” Will is so turned on by the idea of being Hannibal’s pet he blushes. “I will however make sure you have money for food and when you are here you will eat well.”

“Thank you Daddy.”

Hannibal takes Will’s plate to the sink and then turns around leaning against the counter. “Stand up.” Hannibal says and Will slowly does. “Walk to the counter and turn around so your back is to me.” Will smiles and can feel his skin humming with excitement, there is slick forming around his hole and his cock is twitching. “Good whore.” Hannibal hums in approval as Will positions himself in front of Hannibal with his back to him and leans over the counter resting on his elbows so the skirt he is wearing rises up over his bare ass.

Hannibal just enjoys the view for a moment as the scent of the rapidly forming slick reaches his senses. He walks towards Will and traces the elastic of the garter belt from the top of the stocking up the curve of Will’s ass, he puts his finger just underneath it and flicks it so it leaves a slight reddening. Will moans as Hannibal repeats this action with the other leg. Then there are such featherlight touches as the skirt is slowly pushed up to reveal Will’s bare backside. Will can feel Hannibal’s clothed erection against his skin and remembers the sight and size of his cock, he longs to feel it inside him.

Hannibal then gently skirts a finger around Wills entrance, such light pressure it almost isn’t there. Will is beginning to gasp now with arousal and need, he attempts to lean back into Hannibal’s touch but is stilled by a firm hand on his lower back. “Stay still while Daddy plays with you.”

Will whines with need and is rewarded with a light slap on his ass which causes him to gasp and his cock to twitch. Oh yes, he thinks, Daddy punish me.

Hannibal smiles at the response he gets from the light smack “you like it when Daddy hurts you a little bit? Such a whore for Daddy.”

“Yes, oh Daddy please, again.” Will is desperate now, his voice is so laced with need and arousal he doesn’t even recognise it. Another smack across the cheeks of his ass, the pale skin blossoming, he whines.

“Beg for Daddy to hurt you.” Hannibal’s voice is low and close to Will’s ear as he leans down and places his mouth next to Will’s ear, biting the lobe slightly. As soon as he is there he is gone again and another finger is placed gently inside Will’s entrance.

“Hurt me. Fuck me. Please Daddy. I want to be a good slut for Daddy.” Will is completely bent over the counter now, his hands are gripping the other side and his legs feel like jelly as Hannibal works his fingers inside. Then there is a light smack again from Hannibal’s other hand. “Harder please.” Will whines.

Hannibal smiles and hits Will harder watching the red blossom on that skin Hannibal moans and Will flinches and then gasps out “yeesss, Daddy, yesss.” Will then feels the featherlight brushing of fingertips against the now hot skin of his ass and moans with need. “Please Daddy, fuck me.”

Moaning at the sound of Will’s desperate pleading Hannibal pushes in two fingers inside Will’s entrance testing those walls as more slick is produced. He brushes against up the inside of Will’s hole making sure he gets as much slick on his fingers as possible and the removes his fingers, Will whimpers at their loss, Hannibal then places his wet fingers against Will’s lips “open up and taste how wet you are for Daddy.”

Will moans and opens his mouth as Hannibal pushes his fingers inside, Will swirls his tongue around those fingers and whimpers.

“You have been such a good whore for Daddy that I am going to fuck you, right here on this counter like the slut I know you are.” Hannibal removes his fingers from Will’s mouth who is now almost delirious with need and mumbling incomprehensibly. Undoing his trousers and shoving his underwear down Hannibal releases his very large, hard cock and rubs the tip of it against Will’s entrance. “Stay still while Daddy fucks you.” Hannibal commands and then slowly, achingly slowly and so that Will is pleading in a high pitched whine, he enters Will until he is fully seated inside.

Hannibal enjoys the hot tightness around his cock for a moment as he hums in approval causing a responding purr in Will that Hannibal feels down the shaft of his cock. Will is gripping the counter now so hard his knuckles are white and he is trying to fuck himself on Hannibal’s cock but he is pinned by Hannibal’s body weight so can do little more than squirm. All of which makes Hannibal moan Will’s name as he begins to thrust in earnest. Will has never felt a force like this before, he has never been fucked before let alone by an Alpha of this power it is almost overwhelming. His neglected cock is painfully trapped against the cold countertop as the speed and voracity of Hannibal’s thrusts continue relentlessly. There are tears in Will’s eyes as he moans and shouts Alpha and Daddy.

Every vein of the hard, hot cock can be felt as it slides in and out of his hole, Will perks his ass up, twisting and turning as Hannibal hits something inside of him that makes him moan as he feels even more arousal pool in his belly. Pre-cum is dripping from his own cock as it rubs against the counter forgotten, Hannibal makes sure he does not move from the spot and Will revels in the contact and dominance that the Alpha shows him. Hannibal’s hands now holding Will’s wrists as Will can feel the rough breathing above him, the heat of Hannibal’s body against his own. It is wonderful, to please Hannibal, Daddy.

Feeling Hannibal slowing behind him, Will whines, lifting his head slightly as he tries to push back and set the rhythm again, only to be stopped by Hannibal. “Such a good whore for daddy,” As Hannibal cums, a groan leaving him as he feels Will milking his cock, he pushes himself in further and stays still, enjoying the full experience of Will’s orgasm as it hits him

hard. The whine Will lets out can be felt through the Omega's whole body, muscles twitching and shaking with his release. Hannibal knows it is likely the most intense orgasm Will has ever experienced, being his first time engaging in penetrative sex.

The release for Will has him closing his eyes and moaning, feeling his cock throb and twitch as his cum starts to slide down against the kitchen counter and he wonders if for a brief second if Hannibal will also savour that. As he lays there, panting, he still feels Hannibal behind him. The warmth of the Alpha against him, inside and behind him is delightful and Will wishes they could be in bed together, that he could do this again later and everyday forever.

When Hannibal pulls away, Will feels the loss. His hole feels so open and empty, his back becoming cold from the loss of contact. The only consolation is the plug that is quickly inserted into his body that makes him shudder and stand up, cheeks coming together to feel the weight of the plug and the diamond stopper.

"Such a mess you made," Hannibal smoothly moves from behind Will to look at the kitchen bench, the very spot where Will has come. There is a shiver from Will, a sly look to Hannibal and he wonders if he is expected to perhaps clean the kitchen and Hannibal next.

Hannibal does his trousers back up and saunters past it through, leaving Will red faced and half aroused. The Alpha having seen the glint in those blue eyes, a provocative thought. It is something Hannibal will save for later, for now they are running out of time and there is still one area he would like to have Will's scent surround him. "Unfortunately our time is short and if you still offer a car washing service, I was hoping you would be able to clean the interior of the Bentley."

Chapter End Notes

Kudos is the sound of the garter belt being pinged against Will's bum. Comments are the sounds Will makes when he is being throughly taken over the kitchen counter ;) xxx

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

This is it the final one! (In this part)

The reflection is startling, his hair is mussed, his skin is definitely flushed and he looks like he has just been fucked within an inch of his life. He smiles and looks at himself dressed up and slutty, he feels alive for the first time in his life. He never wants this to end, he wants his skin to smell like Hannibal for days, months, years, maybe forever. He takes a deep breath again to get a hold of himself before taking one last look at himself in the mirror. A little less shaky and a bit more sure of himself he makes his way downstairs and outside to clean the inside of the Bentley. He tries not to think that Hannibal will probably take him home afterwards.

Chapter Notes

You may have noticed my co-creator has removed their name from this work. This was their choice and I respect that. I am sorry to see them go but life is sometimes like that. Thank you for everyone who has been reading this sin and leaving such amazing comments some of them have made me laugh so loud! I will be continuing this series with a second part which is already started I hope to post it in the New Year.
I hope you all had a lovely Holiday season, I smooch you all. xxxxxxxxxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will is left with the plug in his hole and Hannibal's semen running down his leg. He truly feels like a whore now. A pitiful whine leaves his mouth and he can hear how desperate he sounds. The shame he feels at being taken against the counter dressed as a French maid is starting to coil in his stomach, at the same time he feels so alive and aroused he is not sure anything will ever compare to this feeling. This was not how he imagined his first time; being taken by an Alpha who called himself Daddy. Will groans again at the thought. The shame is there yes but also the lingering arousal and the mix of the two seem to have short wired his brain. A short wire that Hannibal seemed to sense was there straight away.

Eventually Will stands up and realises that Hannibal has indeed left the kitchen and Will assumes this is because he is waiting outside so that he can watch the show of Will cleaning the inside of the Bentley dressed in this ridiculous outfit. Will takes a few deep breaths and allows the feeling to come back to his very shaky legs. His cock is still twitching with

arousal and he can feel how snug the plug is with Hannibal's seed pressing up against it. Will looks around for something he can use to at least clean up the dribbling semen that is making its way down his stockings. He finds some kitchen tissue and wipes it up, he can smell Hannibal and he almost tastes it but manages to stop himself, scared it would tip him over the edge.

He throws the tissue away and then runs his hands through his hair to try and tame the sweaty curls that he is sure are sticking out every which way. He splashes some cold water on his face and thinks to himself *get it together* . Will looks at his feet and realises that cleaning the inside of the car in stilettos is probably not a good idea. He decides to go upstairs and get his tennis shoes. Will manages to make his way up the stairs, buttplug, stilettos and all. Hannibal is nowhere to be seen as Will locates his shoes and changes them. He uses the opportunity to see what he looks like in the bathroom mirror.

The reflection is startling, his hair is mussed, his skin is definitely flushed and he looks like he has just been fucked within an inch of his life. He smiles and looks at himself dressed up and slutty, he feels alive for the first time in his life. He never wants this to end, he wants his skin to smell like Hannibal for days, months, years, maybe forever. He takes a deep breath again to get a hold of himself before taking one last look at himself in the mirror. A little less shaky and a bit more sure of himself he makes his way downstairs and outside to clean the inside of the Bentley. He tries not to think that Hannibal will probably take him home afterwards. Maybe he can put on one more show to tempt him into fucking him one last time.

Will finds Hannibal sitting in his usual spot on the chair by the car waiting, there is a valeting kit all set up by the car. A small cordless vacuum, some soft cloths, spray bottles filled with various cleaning products. Will smirks when he sees this as he, as much as he can with the buttplug still firmly placed between his cheeks under the too short skirt, makes his way closer, each careful step causing the plug to shift. Hannibal's eyes look him up and down noticing the change of shoes a look of amused arousal crosses his face that almost causes Will to moan.

"I didn't think Daddy would mind if I made myself more comfortable." Will says as he sashays past Hannibal and bends down in front of him making a show of examining the vacuum. He can feel the cool breeze brushing against his bare ass, Hannibal must be able to see the plug nestled just so.

"Daddy is always happy when his boy is comfortable. Truth be told I like it." Hannibal is staring at the long legs that lead up to that perfect plug, the sunlight catches the diamond and it makes Hannibal lick his lips.

Will smiles smugly and then begins to clean the inside of the Bentley, he cleans up the stains of his own slick first, he can smell the mingled scents of Hannibal's arousal, his own cum and slick. It is making his cock twitch painfully. Hannibal is watching every movement, every bend causing the skirt to ride up, long stockinged legs with childish tennis shoes. It does not take long for Hannibal to become as painfully aroused as Will continues to present his ass at every given opportunity.

Eventually Hannibal decides he cannot take this a moment a longer, as much fun as this game has been, he very much has to fuck this little Omega at least once before he takes him home. The back seat of his Bentley being as good a place as any, maybe even better than the kitchen counter. Hannibal makes his way as silently as he can to the open door of the Bentley to where Will is currently sprawled attempting to clean a stain at the far end of the floor. Will still's when he feels that soft caress of his ass, a whisper of a touch that makes his hole twitch so the plug moves slightly. Hannibal's hands are so hot against his skin he can't help but moan out "Daddy." Then Will is pushed more firmly so he is led on his stomach on the back seat

The leather squeaks as Will's body moves against it and Hannibal is behind him in an instant, the fabric of the Alpha's suit touching Will's skin and making him flush. "Have I been a good boy?" Will asks, not turning his head, trying to play to Hannibal's taste and using the words the Alpha had said only minutes ago. He wants to feel Hannibal's cock inside of him again, to be fucked on this very back seat he came on yesterday thinking of Hannibal.

"Such a good boy for Daddy," Hannibal purrs, lips touching the back of Will's neck as he lets his nose be tickled by those wild curls. There is a moment he thinks of letting his hand run through them before grabbing a fistfull and pulling Will up, holding him while he removes the plug and takes him. It would be so easy, Will would moan and whimper, begging for more, but he would not want to scare the Omega off so easily.

Instead, he lets his nose trail down Will's spine, touching that fine silk of the maid outfit he brought for him as his hands skim gently along Will's sides, finally he comes to stop at Will's pert ass, laying a gentle kiss to each cheek as his right hand caresses before coming to play with the plug.

To pull it out would be too simple so instead Hannibal tugs gently, feeling how loose Will's hole still is while also noticing how his muscles cling to the plug to hold it inside. "Greedy little thing." Hannibal muses more to himself as he kisses the top of Will's ass where there are small dimples. As he moves the plug, rotating it and pulling before pushing, Hannibal enjoys watching Will's back rise and fall, the small set of whimpers that come from Will as the scent of arousal reaches his nose again, stronger now.

Not teasing Will any longer, the plug is pulled from Will, a small pop before slick and his own seed oozes from Will and onto his thighs. As Hannibal stares, he can hear Will take a shuddering breath, his own chest feels tight and he decides to enjoy what is presented to him. Hands come to pull Will's cheeks apart as Hannibal leans in and licks the trail of slick.

As the soft, hot, coarse tongue of Hannibal's licks against Will's sensitive skin and his hole he can't help but let out a groan, feeling his body betray his delight as slick leaks from him and Hannibal laps it up. He can feel the delight rolling off Hannibal in waves, noticing the change of scent and the ever more present touch and grip of the Alpha's hands on his body. Strong and restraining him down as Will lifts his ass to let Hannibal ravish him. *God, it's so good* Will thinks as he moans, hoping Hannibal will fuck him again. This teasing so intense.

"Daddy, please!" Will shivers as he feels Hannibal's tongue inside of him, the quick slippery movement of it making his own arousal and need so desperate. Pushing his ass up, he hoped to convey his want for Hannibal's cock, a look back as he silently pleads for more before unable to contain himself he all but shouts "I need you, Alpha!"

At that call Hannibal moves, Will feeling hands let go of him before the jingle of a zip and then that sweet glorious penetration as Hannibal slides inside of him, making Will arch his spine as he takes it and lets out a sigh of relief. There is a slight burn, muscles that were starting to relax stretching again as Hannibal starts a rhythm and Will tries to grab onto something as the air is knocked from his lungs with each thrust.

"Yes!" Will surrenders himself, tilting his head back as he turns his head ever so slightly to look at Hannibal behind him. The angle the Alpha is in is awkward, it looks like he is on all fours even though he isn't. As he stares, Hannibal meets his gaze, Will can see his pupils blown, a savage look upon him almost feral, and all Will can think is how he wants to bare his neck to Hannibal in that moment and let him bite him, mark him as his.

It makes Will shudder, turning away as Hannibal speeds up and the thought is pushed out of the way as his own cock rubs against the leather, feeling it marking the leather with more of his scent.

So much for cleaning the Bentley Will thinks briefly, smiling as he knows that Hannibal will be surrounded by his scent for days, this is likely the reason why he wanted him in here in the

first place.

As his prostate is hit again, Will moans, grinding his ass back against Hannibal now as he feels the cock inside of him slowing, he wants to come at the same time, to feel them coming together, not afterwards. Moving, Will pushes back hard, feeling the cock abuse his prostate one more time as he turns to look at Hannibal again. “Come for me, Daddy… Please,”

The second Hannibal hears the word ‘Daddy’, his cock twitches and Will moans as he feels it release inside of him, making him come at the same time as his eyes flutter closed and he groans in satisfaction. A hand wraps around his chest, pulling him close till his back is resting against Hannibal and lips kiss his shoulder and teeth graze over the skin making Will shudder. With Hannibal still inside of him, Will grinds down on Hannibal’s lap again as he bites his lip and smiles, all too pleased with himself at getting what he wanted. It is so good to know that he can do this to Hannibal, and he takes as much pleasure in this knowledge as he did in his orgasm.

Tilting his neck, he lets Hannibal lean in and brush his nose along his scent glands, Will’s own hand going back as it combs through Hannibal’s hair and he looks into those hazel eyes. “Kiss me.” Will’s voice is soft and breathless and he wants to feel Hannibal’s lips on his own again, to taste the Alpha. He doesn’t want to leave and return to his empty apartment that only smells of himself. He would happily tie himself to Hannibal’s bed and let him do as he pleases if it meant staying with him.

As Hannibal watches Will, seeing the young Omega bare his neck, he pauses, tempted beyond anything he has ever felt before to do as asked, but knowing in doing so it would give Will too much power. Even though he has already exploited his assets and received what he had desired, this is not the same game they had originally started with. Hannibal stalls, looking into blue eyes that plead for more, a lesser Alpha would concede and do as asked, instead Hannibal pulls away. “Daddy thinks you’ve had enough for today. I’m pleased with you, such a good whore for me.”

As Hannibal lets Will go, pulling back and freeing himself from the body of the Omega and doing up his pants, Will sits there panting slightly as he licks his lips and looks away. The words causing him to blush and eventually smile, but it doesn’t hold the same weight as it had before.

Diligently, Will gathers himself up as he clears his throat, seeing Hannibal in his peripheral vision fixing his shirt and casting a few glances at him. He wonders if he did something wrong, if he went too far in asking for the kiss, they've crossed so many boundaries already this weekend, already having kissed before, is it because he asked? "I'm sorry, Daddy." Will says, looking down shyly as he fixes his own stockings. "I'll do better next time to please you."

So busy staring at the leather, he misses how Hannibal steps forward, closing the distance he had placed between them, his hand taking Will's chin to tilt it up towards him before he leans in and viscously kisses him. Lips closing over his own before Will ends up going slack jawed from the shock, Hannibal taking the opportunity to deepen the kiss and let his tongue slip inside. Will can taste himself, his own slick and Hannibal's seed still on that tongue which has done miraculous things. It is only as he is starting to return the gesture that Hannibal finishes, staying close as he breathes in deeply, inhaling Will's scent greedily. "You have nothing to apologize for… I simply did not wish to spoil this feast, there is so much more I wish to do with you Will, but for now, our time is coming to a close."

Looking up, Will watches Hannibal's eyes, searching for a lie, but finding none. Eventually he nods, Hannibal stepping away as Will then gets to work finishing his task of cleaning the interior of the Bentley. Once he has finished, Hannibal offers him another change of clothes, another shirt Will is happy to take as he knows that the outfits he had worn for the weekend will be kept for Hannibal later when he is gone.

As he changes, Will inhales the scent greedily, wishing he could take more home with him. Eventually he returns to the car and lets Hannibal drive him home, the Alpha leaving him at the foot of his apartment block with the promise to call him during the week to schedule their next appointment. Will hung on every word. Despite the wad of cash he held in his hands and the extra couple of hundred that had been tucked into the back of his pants, he feels nothing but longing as he watches the newly cleaned Bentley drive away.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are Will's grubby but alluring tennis shoes and comments are as shiny as the Bentley looks after Will has 'cleaned' it! xxxxxx

Love you all you beautiful filthy people (don't worry I am the filthiest for writing this sin at least you can blame me....)

End Notes

kudos are the blush Will feels every time Hannibal looks at him and comments is the way Will bends down and shows his ass off.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!